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# INVOCATION OF REASON

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

*Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,  
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.*  
\* \* \* \* \*

*Virtutem verba putas et  
Lucum ligna?*

—HORACE.

If poignant plaint of heart the mind efface  
And tear's emotion wisdom's plea displace,  
How shall we learn to minister to pain  
Whose spoil is not the body but the brain?

Heed we alone contention of debate,  
Of judgment's cause fail to be advocate,  
We may not shun those devastating ills  
The bitterness whereof the spirit kills?

Flout we the husbandry of golden mean,  
Desolate we leave that sovereign terrene  
Where lords are toiling slaves to feed the mind,  
Their recompense of us life's paltry rind.

Proffer of outstretched arm unto the weak  
And shelter's boon for the defenceless meek,  
With understanding that from grudging palms  
There is a pride which dies, accepting alms.

Indulgent to just labor be the wage  
And not its portion mendicant old age,  
Though oft in rivalry with hand that pays  
Be unrestrained the bounteous word of praise.

Nor keep God's righteous poor from their desire,  
Yet not blind be to that consuming fire,  
Whose insatiate tongue licks up the life  
Of virtue that has faltered in the strife.

Be not of blatant altruist ally,  
Nor dare with scribe and Pharisee to vie,  
Braving betimes base cavil for the worth  
Of siding with faint children of the earth.

Grant valor tribute for chivalric quest,  
With laurels of renown its brow invest,  
Would we have hope that to the anxious State  
Sacrificial, saving deed be dedicate.

Plan for exceeding fame fair memory's tomb  
Yet not deny it welcome's hearth and home,  
Unwilling, till its mighty voice be dead,  
It have of life not where to lay its head.

Rear splendor's temple to the soul's desire,  
The walls of reason wrought, of faith the spire,  
Through portals proudly arched for such abode  
Have doubt pass to deliverance and God;

On glories, may the windowed radiance stream,  
Of consecration, lore and poet's dream,  
And for the reverent knee of age and youth  
Be altars imaged as eternal truth.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.